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# BLUFF KING HAL

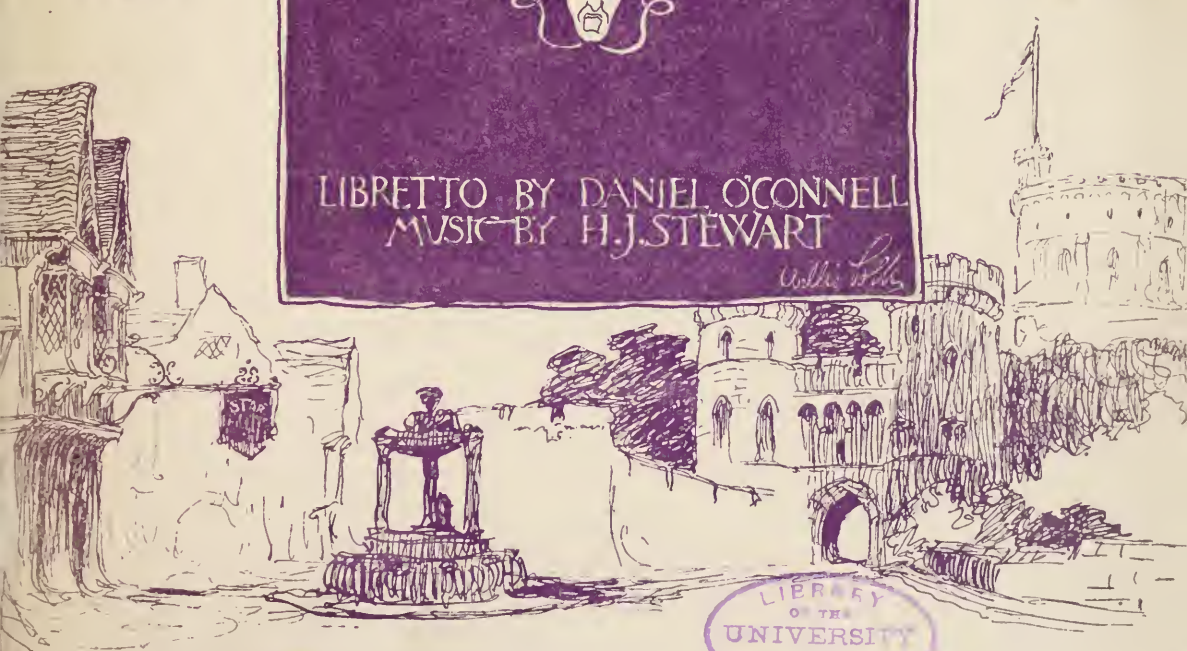
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A ROMANTIC OPERA  
IN THREE ACTS



LIBRETTO BY DANIEL O'CONNELL  
MUSIC BY H. J. STEWART

*Willis Polk*



SKETCH OF SCENERY FOR FIRST ACT AS DESIGNED BY WILLIS POLK.

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“BLUFF KING HAL”

A ROMANTIC OPERA

IN THREE ACTS



Libretto by DANIEL O'CONNELL

Music by H. J. STEWART



75638

Costumes Designed by  
MR. AMADEE JOULLIN

Scenery Designed by  
MR. JOULLIN AND WILLIS POLK

Illustrations for this Book by  
MR. ERNEST C. PEIXOTTO



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# “BLUFF KING HAL”

A

## ROMANTIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS

Libretto by DANIEL O'CONNELL

Music by H. J. STEWART

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- Bluff King Hal . . . . . *Baritone*
- Leonard (a forester), . . . . . *Tenor*
- Bardolph (landlord of the “Star & Garter,” Windsor), . . . *Bass*
- Ralph (Chief of the Outlaws), . . . . . *Bass*
- Dickon (an outlaw), . . . . . *Tenor*
- Robert (the Constable of Windsor), . . . . . *Tenor*
- Phyllis (daughter of Bardolph), . . . . . *Soprano*
- Dorothy (a widow), . . . . . *Mezzo-Soprano*
- Elizabeth (wife of Bardolph), . . . . . *Contralto*

Burghers, Village Maidens, Outlaws, Foresters, Yeomen  
of the Guards, and attendants.



- ACT I.* A STREET IN WINDSOR.
- ACT II.* WINDSOR FOREST.
- ACT III.* A STREET IN WINDSOR.

## ARGUMENT



Leonard, a forester is in love with Phyllis, the daughter of Bardolph, host of the "Star and Garter" inn at Windsor. A guest at the inn is Dorothy a coquettish widow, supposed to be wealthy. Robert, the constable at Windsor, woos Dorothy for her money, but suspicious of Bardolph, makes his wife Elizabeth jealous of her, the better to prosecute his own suit. "Bluff King Hal" is expected at Windsor, and the town is in gala attire to welcome its beloved monarch. Leonard's attentions to Phyllis are rejected by her parents, and he wanders off in a sullen mood. The king arrives at Windsor, disguised as a Yeoman of the Guard. He dismisses his attendants, meets Phyllis, and presses his attentions upon her. She calls for assistance, Leonard rushes upon the scene, strikes the king, who then reveals his rank, and orders Leonard into custody also commanding his execution next morning.

Leonard escapes and takes refuge with the outlaws in Windsor forest. They receive him kindly and enlist him as one of their band. Robert, the constable of Windsor, to win the king's favor, has tracked Leonard to the outlaw's camp. He is discovered, and himself captured. Leonard recognizes him, but nobly refuses to betray him. Phyllis, who has heard the Yeomen of the Guard discuss their plans for Leonard's capture, appears to warn her lover. He refuses to abandon his comrades, the Yeomen of the Guard rush on and a fight ensues in which the outlaws are surrounded and taken.

Robert receives all the credit of the affray. His valor is the subject of a song by Bardolph, but Elizabeth, who has become aware of his mischief-making, exposes his poltroonery. Leonard and the outlaws are led to execution. Phyllis prostrates herself at King Hal's feet, and craves her lover's life. The king at first refuses, and then by a sudden impulse, relents, and forgives Leonard, and Ralph, the outlaw chief, and his comrades. He also insists that Robert, the mendacious and mischief-making constable shall marry Dorothy, which he is loath to do as he finds she is without fortune. The wedding bells chime, and merriment and feasting once more reign in loyal Windsor.



ACT I.

A STREET IN WINDSOR.

(*Bardolph, Elizabeth and Dorothy; Burghers and Foresters Discovered.*)

OPENING CHORUS

Hail and welcome to the King,  
Comrades make the welkin ring,  
Shout until the fallow deer,  
Browsing in the forest near,  
Raise their bonny heads to hear  
Loyal Windsor welcoming,  
Bluff King Hal, her lusty King.

SOLO, BARDOLPH

London dames are passing fair,  
London Lords are stately;  
But the King they all declare,  
Loves his Windsor greatly,  
Loves her blithe and buxom maids,  
Loves the ringing horn,  
Loves the chase through forest glades,  
In the early morn.

SOLO, A RANGER

Maidens don your raiment fine,  
Good dames, smile your sweetest,  
Bardolph, tap your rarest wines,  
Good old wine is meetest,  
For the royal toast we drain,  
To our Bluff King Harry,  
Bugles blow with might and main,  
Windsor shall be merry.

SOLO, BARDOLPH

Stag of ten, thy haunches yield  
For this merry making;  
Rangers, ere ye speed afield,  
Be your thirst a slaking;  
Tapster, fetch 'hy stoutest ale,  
Drink, ye loyal yeomen,  
Drink to Harry, stout and hale,  
Ruin to his foemen.

CHORUS

Comrades, make the welkin ring,  
To welcome Bluff King Hal, our lusty King.

BARDOLPH

Ay, that I will, most worthy friends,  
If my good dame assistance lends,  
Quick, foaming tankards let us bring  
To drink the health of England's King.

CHORUS

Quick, foaming tankards let us bring,  
To drink the health of England's King.

But see who comes to share our festal day,  
In raiment like a poppin-jay,  
The constable of Windsor marches now this way.

*Enter ROBERT with two attendants.*

*Bardolph*

CHORUS

Good folks, how bravely doth bold Robert stride,  
The ground he spurneth in his haughty pride.

ROBERT

Indeed, right well it pleaseth me,  
To mark you gathered at this revelry;  
The King and I will shortly grace,  
Your meeting in this market-place.

CHORUS

The King and he! Oh, gaudy bag of wind,  
Prick it, ye scare-crows, prick it from behind.

BARDOLPH

Thy garb is grand, ah, Master Robert, lace  
And velvet, well become thy royal grace;  
We marvelled why the loud bells did not ring,  
When thee we spied, we thought it was the King.

CHORUS

When thee we spied, we thought it was the King,  
Ha! Ha!

ROBERT

No, not the King exactly, but one very near  
His royal person, one he holds most dear.

SOLO, ROBERT

Oh, I am the constable great,  
And the keys of the castle gate  
Every night I bring to his Majesty, the King;  
Who receives me in the most imposing state,  
Some day he'll deem right  
To say: "Arise, Sir Knight,  
You're the very flower I see of old England's chivalry,  
So buckle on your armor bright."

For I am the constable, the constable of Windsor  
As I march through the town in my elegant gown  
There is never a clown but will bow down,  
To the constable of Windsor.

CHORUS

For he is the constable, the constable of Windsor;  
See him march through the town in his elegant gown  
There is never a clown but will bow down  
To the constable of Windsor.

ROBERT

Swash-bucklers are afraid  
When I draw my gleaming blade  
They wheel about and fly at my ringing battle cry;  
For they know that through gore I'd wade,  
But if in Windsor wood,  
I meet an outlaw rude,  
I'm attracted by the sky and permit him to pass by,  
For I would not shed an outlaw's blood.

CHORUS

For he is the constable, etc.

ROBERT

My honest gossip, see you be not late,  
The King will soon appear at Windsor's gate,  
Speed ye to meet him, make the welkin ring,  
With loyal shouts, "Long live our lord the King."

CHORUS

Comrades, make the welkin ring  
To welcome Bluff King Hal, our lusty King.

*Exit BARDOLPH, ELIZABETH, DOROTHY, attendants and Chorus.*

ROBERT

They worship me, those good people. That Dorothy hath a roguish eye. Now they say the wench is passing rich, too, with rose nobles and moldores, which she hath inherited from her spouse, the miser cobbler of Windsor. And though she be a haughty minx, methinks she inclineth to regard ourselves with favor. By my faith it is not every day a constable of Windsor goes a courting a cobbler's widow.

I mistrust that Bardolph sorely. The knave surely lusteth after the widow's purse. I would she were house'd elsewhere. Hum! I shall plot by the mass and make dame Elizabeth jealous of the buxom wench. Ha! Ha! a good scheme. Then shall I have a fair field, and the bells shall chime for the wedding of the sweet Dorothy and the constable of Windsor.

*Enter ELIZABETH*

ROBERT

Thou art looking weary, good dame. Where is thy worthy spouse?

ELIZABETH

In the buttery with Dorothy, making ready for the feast.

ROBERT

Humph. With Dorothy—Master Bardolph was ever a gay gallant. And he grows no older by the mass.

ELIZABETH

What meanest thou knave? Dost mean he seemeth too old for his wife?

ROBERT

Nay, Nay. In sooth, I said not so. But he loveth well to be at the side of Dame Dorothy, who is herself a comely wench, and inclineth kindly toward thy good man.

ELIZABETH

Thou forked-tongue curmudgeon. An' thou wert twenty times constable of Windsor, I will tweak thy nose, an' thou slanderest my good man. *(Rushes at him.)*

ROBERT

Hands off, dame. I but say what I see. Why, thou must be e'n as blind as an adder, an' thou markest not how wholly he be possessed with the charms of the fair widow.

ELIZABETH

Thou art a base liar, and Bardolph's quarter staff shall rattle thy old bones to a rare tune, sir constable.

ROBERT

Thou art a mole-eyed shrew (business). Nay, Nay, stay thy claws. Hush, conceal thyself. Here they come. Watch and thou wilt see I have not deceived thee.

*Enter BARDOLPH and DOROTHY bearing flagons of ale. ROBERT and ELIZABETH, retire, unobserved—to back of stage.*



*Elizabeth*

## QUARTETTE

BARDOLPH

Dorothy, were I not married——

DOROTHY

If you were not, well, what then?

BARDOLPH

If a few years I had tarried,  
I had been most blessed of men.

ELIZABETH

Hands off, Robert! Could I foster  
In my house, this saucy dame?  
I will smite this vile impostor,  
I will put them both to shame.

BARDOLPH

Dorothy, thou'rt sweet and comely,  
Pray this loving heart console.

DOROTHY

Foolish wight. That heart is only  
Warmed by the flowing bowl.

ROBERT

Dame, my warning you have doubted,  
Silly woman, gaze on this,  
Bardolph has his good spouse flouted;  
See, he's begging for a kiss.

DOROTHY

You should have your head well clouted,  
I'll n'er give a single kiss.

BARDOLPH

Dorothy, my love you've doubted,  
See, I'm begging for a kiss.

DOROTHY

Oh, pray have a care, your wife I declare  
Will think you've some object in view,  
You've a quick, roving eye, and you ogle and sigh  
Just as though I could love one like you.  
I'll have none of your wiles or poppin-jay smiles,  
So all your foud pleading is vain.  
You belong to another, your feelings pray smother  
And never love widow again.

*Elizabeth, Robert and Bardolph*

Of widows beware, young, tender and fair,  
They all have some object in view,  
They've a quick roving eye, and they ogle and sigh,  
Till you think all their love is for you.  
When a widow beguiles, a man with her smiles,  
The fact is abundantly plain,  
He has eyes for no other, wife, sister or brother,  
He'll never love woman again.

ELIZABETH

Hem, hem, good Mistress Dorothy, it seems that but just now thou wert  
busy in the buttery.



BARDOLPH—*aside*

And the old dame saw my courtesy to sweet Dorothy, I am undone.

DOROTHY

Indeed, Mistress Elizabeth, we have helped the gentlemen bravely from that same. They are here now drinking deeply to the King's health.

ELIZABETH

We shall join them, and see that they are well served. A word with thee Bardolph. It is but scant hospitality in a host to desert his guests at such a merry making.

*Exits with BARDOLPH leaving ROBERT and DOROTHY on the stage.*

DOROTHY

I did mark the scowls of Dame Elizabeth, Master Robert, and I mistrust me but thou hast been making mischief.

ROBERT

I make mischief? Why, thou canst not mean it?

DOROTHY

I do mean it. I know thee for a razor-tongued knave, and a disgrace to Windsor.

ROBERT

How now, how now? Thou art jesting Dorothy. I, a mischief-making varlet! Thou hast drank a stoop of ale too much with Bardolph in the buttery, sweet Dorothy.

DOROTHY

Thou art a lying scullion, to say so. What tale hast thou been pouring into the ears of Dame Elizabeth, that she frowns on me? But hark, I hear them here now. She is dragging her good man about the buttery by the lugs, and beating him with her distaff.

ROBERT

I tell tales! Surely thou dost but jest, gentle Dorothy. Thou knowest what a shrew is Elizabeth, and how she doth secretly swallow huge flagons of sack. By St. Timothy her nose doth well and loudly proclaim her appetite for strong drink.

DOROTHY

Even if this be so, Master Constable, and indeed I doubt it not, why should she scowl on me? Answer me knave.

ROBERT

Aye, sweet, sweet, tender, luscious Dorothy, does she not mark that thou art the most peerless dame in all Windsor? She is jealous of thee, sweet-heart, madly jealous, jealous because the gallants take no manner of notice of that pale-faced daughter of hers, that puny Phyllis, when thou art nigh. Ah, how lovely thou art Dorothy. How wonderfully, miraculously lovely.

DOROTHY—*simpering*

Dost thou truly think so, Master Robert? Thou hast seen much of the Court, and the ways of Courtiers, and therefore art thou competent to speak of those things. Nay, but there be no reason why Mistress Elizabeth should be jealous of me. Her jade of a daughter is, it be true, but a weakly plant, and the men about the King's Court love rosy cheeks and a plump person.

ROBERT

They love thee, peerless Dorothy. They all love thee, but none adores thee as thy Robert. He would die for thee, for art thou not the mistress of his heart? Oh, Dorothy! Dorothy!

*Kisses her*

DOROTHY

Off knave! These cheeks are for thy betters!

*Duet — ROBERT and DOROTHY*

ROBERT

The birds in the air, and the birds in the bushes  
Sing Dorothy, Dorothy all the day long,  
When the gray garb of twilight the Windsor wood hushes  
Thy name is the theme of the nightingale's song.

DOROTHY

Oh, dear! Master Robert, this beautiful greeting  
Some troubadour doubtless, has taught thee at Court.  
Good gracious! Your words my poor heart has set beating,  
Now Rob, do you mean them or are you in sport?

ROBERT

Do I mean them! Oh! charmer, page, burgher and vassal,  
Have laid down their hearts at fair Dorothy's feet.  
She's the toast in the cottage, the toast in the castle,  
The King, gossips say, deemeth Dorothy sweet.

DOROTHY

Just think of it Robert. Ah, now when I ponder,  
The smiles and soft words of the gallants in town,  
Elizabeth's envy no longer I wonder,  
I'll off, Master Robert, and don a new gown.

ROBERT and DOROTHY

The birds in the air and the birds in the bushes  
Sing Dorothy, Dorothy, all the day long.

ROBERT

When the gray garb of twilight the Windsor wood hushes

DOROTHY and ROBERT

My } name is the theme of the nightingale's song.  
Thy }

DOROTHY

Thou hast a smooth tongue, Master Constable. (*Business*) Oh! now I must away, else Dame Elizabeth will berate me for loitering with thee, coxcomb that thou art.

*Exit*

ROBERT

Ha! Ha! That bird is snared. By the Cestus of Venus, flattery doth intoxicate the best of them. We shall have a rare time at the wedding; but there must be no extravagance. Nay, the King, God bless him, will not see his old and trusty varlet wed without making much feasting from his own royal purse. I must have me a new doublet made by that tailor knave, Master Snip. But there will be rare fun meantime. Dorothy will make eyes at all the gallants, Bardolph will wax wroth because, forsooth, the minx will flout him, Elizabeth will keep them all in Satan's own stew pot and I, I will wed Dorothy, and the cobbler's store shall come into worthy hands. But who comes this way? It is that knave, Leonard, the forester, who is distraught with love for Phyllis, Bardolph's fair daughter. I like not the love-sick varlet so I shall bid me to the castle, and greet his Majesty.

*Enter LEONARD*

LEONARD

I have no heart to join in the revel. My soul is consumed with Phyllis. Waking and sleeping, Phyllis is before me. The leaves murmur Phyllis, and the birds sing her name, and the ripple of the brook is one psalm to Phyllis, my adored one, my soul's queen.

SOLO, LEONARD

I.

Down by the mere I have watched the fair lilies  
 Gleaming in sunlight, and darkened with shade,  
 Under the oaks I've lain dreaming of Phyllis,  
 Phyllis the fairest of Windsor's fair maids,  
 The breezes that sigh through the leaves of the forest,  
 Breathe Phyllis, dear Phyllis, coy, gentle and true,  
 The balm to this heart when its pain is the sorest  
 Is Phyllis, sweet Phyllis, the memory of you.

II.

The timid doe moves through the forest's long grasses,  
 So lightly and softly, her mate by her side,  
 I wish, as her lithe step my mossy seat passes,  
 I could roam thus with Phyllis and call her my bride.  
 Oh, Phyllis! my tender one, beautiful Phyllis  
 Is queen of the forest, sweet Phyllis, my dear—  
 Queen of the forest, and fair as the lilies  
 That float on the breast of the oak-shaded mere.

*Enter PHYLLIS*

PHYLLIS

Ah, Leonard, thou seemest in doleful mood. Have the outlaws outwitted thee, and still bend the bow in Windsor glades where nought but the King's men may hunt venison?

LEONARD

Nay, Phyllis, I was but musing upon thee, sweetheart.

PHYLLIS

And am I a theme to make thee sad? Out upon thee, thou gloomy gallant. But a truce to jesting. Why art thou so somber?

LEONARD

I fear me, sweet Phyllis, thy father doth not regard my suit with favor. Thy mother, when a few minutes ago I doffed my bonnet to her, did look on me so sourly that I was fain to slink away like my Sweetlips when she hath lost the trail of the deer.

PHYLLIS

Away with such fancies. Have we not been brought up together, and betrothed from our cradle? I have no such gloomy fears. I tread on air to-day, so bright seemeth the whole world to me.

SOLO

I.

I am to-day the happiest maid  
 In all of Windsor town,  
 With bonny snood my hair I braid,  
 And don my gayest gown,  
 To please a lad in Lincoln green,  
 A saucy, roving blade  
 Who swears upon his faith  
 He loves no other maid.

## REFRAIN

Oh, my heart is full of glee,  
 For Leonard loveth me,  
 And plucks fair lilies for his Phyllis  
 From the mere by the trysting tree.

## II.

We'll have a cottage wreathed with flowers,  
 Oak shaded, and alone,  
 And I shall love those happy bowers  
 Beyond a monarch's throne;  
 And every night upon our hearth,  
 The cheery logs shall burn  
 And through the door the light shall stream  
 To guide my love's return.

*Refrain, repeat*

*Enter BARDOLPH*

## BARDOLPH

Why lingerest thou here, thou idle jade, when thou should'st be at thy mother's side preparing for the feast?

## PHYLLIS

In truth, father, I did but wander hither to exchange greetings with my sweetheart, Leonard.

## BARDOLPH

Thy sweetheart! Shameless hussy that thou art. How darest thou call yonder fellow thy sweetheart?

## LEONARD

Master Bardolph, this speech of thine sounds strangely in mine ears. Surely thou knowest how long I have loved thy daughter, and thou hast ever smiled upon and fostered my suit.

## BARDOLPH

I foster thy suit! Thou art a false knave to say so. My daughter is for nobler men than thee.

## PHYLLIS

Oh, father! Surely thou art distraught with ale. Thou dost not mean those cruel words?

## BARDOLPH

Ay, that I do. Thou shalt never wed Phyllis.

## LEONARD

Then, Master Bardolph, art thou foresworn?

*Trio—PHYLLIS, LEONARD and BARDOLPH*

## LEONARD

I love your daughter, I long have sought her,  
 With humble pleading and fervent faith,  
 I've hoped by proving my constant loving,  
 To win my Phyllis, mine own till death.

BARDOLPH

My dear young fellow, you must be mellow,  
 You've bathed your lips in my rare old wine,  
 My peerless girl will wed an earl,  
 Nor stoop to courtship as low as thine.

PHYLLIS

My doting father, be sure I'd rather  
 With Leonard roam through you forest aisles,  
 Than dwell in manor, a dame of honor,  
 My haughty guerdon, a monarch's smiles.

LEONARD

Oh, Phyllis, bless you, I must caress you,  
 Thou cruel parent, pray stand aside,  
 I can't deny you, man I dely you,  
 And gentle Phyllis shall be my bride.

BARDOLPH

Begone rash mummer, the heat of summer  
 Has crazed thy brain which was never strong,  
 Go to the revel, or to the devil,  
 About my daughter you've hung too long.

PHYLLIS *and* LEONARD

If we must part 'tis not for long,  
 No, no, no, no, I cannot part,  
 There's naught can change this loving heart  
 'Tis only for a little while.  
 So let us at ill fortune smile  
 And patiently the hours beguile  
 Till we are wed.

BARDOLPH

About her you have hung too long,  
 Come, come, come, you'd better part,  
 You cannot change her father's heart,  
 She cannot marry yet awhile.  
 To mate with you would cause a smile,  
 A nobleman of this fair isle  
 She'll some day wed.

Away, thou sick-brained vagabond. And thou minx be off. Nay, but I will summon thy mother, and she will birch thee soundly for thy shameful-ness, thou willful hussy, who must forsooth keep tryst with this scum of the forest. Elizabeth! Elizabeth! Elizabeth!

*Exit*

LEONARD

Alas, Phyllis, I feared this. And now adieu, my sweet one. I know that thou wilt be true to Leonard.

PHYLLIS

This idle wrath of my father's will pass away, Leonard. Something hath gone wrong to ruffle him. But see, some yeomen of the guard come this way. Farewell, sweetheart, farewell.

*Exit PHYLLIS and LEONARD**Enter BLUFF KING HAL attended by two courtiers*

KING

What a merry time the knaves are having, and soon, no doubt, they will clamor for the King. Leave me my friends, leave me. I would be alone. (*Exit attendants.*) How familiar these scenes are to me and recall the memory of those days ere the cares of state weighed heavily upon me. And so to ponder and rest before posing to those loyal clowns, the King hath garbed himself as a simple yeoman. Alas, when his dark mood is on him he would willingly change places with the humblest forester in his train.

KING'S SOLO

I.

Although the King, it pleaseth me  
To lay my crown aside,  
And wander in those woodlands free  
Old England's boast and pride.  
'Mid all this pomp, 'mid all this state  
I envy those who find  
The joy denied, the proud and great,  
A truly tranquil mind.

REFRAIN

Though I am England's mighty King,  
And at my word, a thousand swords  
From their scabbards bright would spring,  
Yet dear unto my royal heart  
Is this forest life apart,  
Where I love to look on the shining brook  
And hear the blithe birds sing.

II.

There's not a haughty dame of all  
That flattereth the King,  
Who, should our Lord ordain his fall,  
Would words of comfort bring.  
How sweet through Windsor's wood to stray,  
And dream of sylvan sport,  
And for one bright hour put away  
The troubles of the court.

*Refrain, repeat**Enter PHYLLIS*

Odds fish! What pretty doe is this which has strayed from the herd in our old Windsor? By the mass, but she is tempting to look upon. Away with gloomy thoughts. I shall woo her as the yeoman, and if the yeoman fail, the King, perchance, may succeed. (*To Phyllis*) How now, sweet maid, thou seemest indeed in doleful mood?

PHYLLIS

Sir, I know you not.

KING

Faith, it would be strange and thou did'st, sweetheart, since it be truth that thy bright eyes have never looked on me ere this fortunate day.

PHYLLIS

Thou art of the King's guard? Did'st come in the King's train?

KING

Ay, faith did I, damsel. Art thou anxious to see the King?

PHYLLIS

I would much like to see his gracious Majesty, though they say he is marvelously ill-favored.

*King Hal*

KING

Odds fish! Sweetheart, that be not so. Who told thee our good King Hal was not of comely presence?

PHYLLIS

Robert, the Constable of Windsor, did say unto me that he was crooked of the back, and had a vile trick of squinting, and that the ladies of the court did not fancy him because of this vile habit of squinting, and that — that—

KING

We will have the knave scourged—the vile varlet to thus slander us and misrepresent us to our loyal and loving subjects.

PHYLLIS

La, sir, you speak as if you were the King himself. So does Constable Robert at times. He declareth that there shall be no largesse distributed in Windsor but to those he names to Henry, and he doth have all his reckonings at my father's sent to the Royal Chamberlain.

KING

The swine! I will have him whipped with bow strings until the blood comes. Bnt, damsel, hast thou no pleasant words for a poor yeoman of the guard? (*Business*)

PHYLLIS

I pray you, do not molest me, sir. You soldiers of the King have a free way with you that we, modest maids of Windsor, admire not.

KING

Nay, now, thou coy wench. I will have a kiss. Come, sweetheart, for, by the mass, those lips of thine would tempt the King himself. And as a loyal subject, thou owest me such gentle rausome for speaking ill of his Majesty's gracious person.

PHYLLIS

Sir, unhand me (*business*). Help! Help! Father! Leonard! Leonard!

LEONARD *rushes in*

## FINALE

LEONARD

Ho, villain! are not our fair maids of Windsor town to be held sacred from thy polluting hands? Nay, I do not fear thy sword. Take this to remember Leonard, the Forester.

*Strikes him*

KING HAL

Knaave, thy life is forfeit. I am the King. What, ho! Yeomen of the guard! A rescue! A rescue! Seize and bind yon ruffian. He hath laid violent hands upon our royal person; he hath buffeted the King.

CHORUS

He hath buffeted the King, away with him. There shall be no clemency for this bold ruffian.

PHYLLIS, DOROTHY, ELIZABETH, LEONARD, ROBERT, BARDOLPH, KING HAL

Alas } This  
our merry making is over now, indeed,  
A direful ending to our festal day.



Yeoman

PHYLLIS

My own true love will suffer for this deed,  
Unless the King his dread revenge shall stay.

DOROTHY, ELIZABETH *and* ROBERT

This wretched Forester will surely get his meed  
Unless the King his just revenge shall stay.

LEONARD

I care not now if I must suffer for this deed.  
Nor ask the King his dread revenge to stay.

BARDOLPH

Oh, King! thy just revenge pray stay.

KING HAL

My just revenge I cannot stay.

PHYLLIS, DOROTHY, ELIZABETH, LEONARD *and* ROBERT

When brightly rose the sun, and we did loudly shout, "Long live the King,"  
We little deemed the glad hours as they flew, such sad disaster to our hearts  
would bring.

KING HAL

No pardon for an insult to the King.

CHORUS

Alas! Our merry making is over now indeed,  
A direful ending to our festal day.

PHYLLIS

Oh, gracious King, look kindly down  
Upon this wretched girl,  
Brighter within thy royal crown  
Than diamond or pearl  
Will mercy be; heed not thy pride,  
My Leonard's life I crave,  
Else I, who am his plighted bride,  
Must share my sweetheart's grave.

KING HAL

Maiden, thy prayers are vain. You rash youth must suffer, for he hath  
dared to raise his head against our anointed person. He must die.

PHYLLIS

Mercy!

KING HAL

No!

CHORUS, *repeat*

Alas! Our merry making is over now indeed,  
A direful ending to our festal day.

CURTAIN



ACT II.

OUTLAWS' CAMP IN WINDSOR FOREST.

(*Ralph, the Outlaw Chief, discovered before the camp-fire.*)

RALPH

Those merry comrades of mine must be bathing their beards in Master Bardolph's October, defiant of the Constable of Windsor and all the rangers of the forest. Perchance the revellers have missed the path. I will guide them with a blast of the horn.

*Winds horn—response from woods*

*Enter OUTLAWS*

OUTLAWS' CHORUS

Under the spreading branches we  
Live the life beyond compare,  
To never a despot we bend the knee,  
And our shafts fly everywhere.

We have no fear to slay the deer  
King Henry calls his own,  
For we sturdily hold that this forest bold  
Is the merry outlaws' throne.

REFRAIN

Then ho! ho! ho! bring hither the bow,  
For the music that thrills our breast  
Is the twang of its string at morn,  
And the sound of the lusty horn,  
And at eve the troll,  
When we pass the bowl,  
And drink to the lass we love best.

SOLO, RALPH

Our couch is under the greenwood tree,  
And the song of the forest queen,  
Dame nightingale warbles our 'ullaby,  
To soothe our slumbers serene;  
May good luck attend the outlaws' friend,  
King Hal who gives us deer,  
May he stray this way, some summer's day  
And taste the outlaws' cheer.

*Refrain — Then ho! ho! etc.*

DICKON

By St. Dunstan we have had a right, royal, merry making. Old Master Bardolph had a rare twinkle in his eye when he filled our flagons, and we clinked and clinked with the yeomen of the guard.



## AN O' FLAW

Ay, and you should have marked how gravely frowned the Captain of the Guard when we sang thus flippantly o' slaying the deer of Windsor. And though we passed as honest glovers of Oxford, there was a license about our speech that ill became the citizens of that quiet burg. And thou, Dickon, didst also sing, for thy tongue was loosed by wine. — Knave that thou art, thy flippancy nigh brought us to grief.

## DICKON

To grief? Marry, but I won the smiles of Dame Elizabeth herself, and she did hoarsely chorus my ditty. I'll give it thee, and thou say not it is a bonny troll, thou hast the ear of a raven, enamored only of thy own croaking.

## SOLO, DICKON

Old Reuben lived near Windsor wood,  
His dame two feet above him stood,  
Her hand was strong, her tongue was long,  
And like a viper's sting.  
She sallied forth one market day  
And bade her spouse at home to stay,  
To sweep and scour, and every hour  
Fetch water from the spring.

## REFRAIN

Oh, foolish dame, to go away  
And leave her spouse at home to stay;  
When wives are gone, and men alone  
The devil gets his fling.

## DICKON

When she came back from Windsor town  
She spied a maid with tresses brown  
So trim, so neat, so plump, so sweet,  
A morsel for a king.  
The good dame shrieked, "thou wicked wight,  
And thou false wench, I swear this night,  
Though for my pains I hang in chains,  
Thy dainty neck I'll wring."

*Refrain* — Oh, foolish dame to go away, etc.

## DICKON

She grabbed her distaff from the wall,  
This angry female, grim and tall,  
And fierce and wroth she trounced them both  
With purpose deep and fell;  
But when the poor wench dropped her hood  
And raised her face all stained with blood,  
The dame exclaimed, "for aye I'm shamed  
'Tis Reuben's sister Nell!"

## REFRAIN

Oh, foolish dames, see you take care,  
Of passion's promptings aye beware.  
What mars the lives of doubting wives?  
The green-eyed monster's spell.

## RALPH

What is the gossip of Windsor now?

DICKON

Faith they do say that the Constable of Windsor has given his heart to Mistress Dorothy; that Master Bardolph is enamored of the same; that Dame Elizabeth has potent cause of jealous quarrel, and that Leonard, the forester, has pledged his troth to the fair Phyllis, and that the burly inn-keeper looks frowningly upon his suit.

AS OUTLAW

Ay, but thou hast not heard the latest.

RALPH

Prithce, what is that?

AS OUTLAW

Leonard found King Hal himself masquerading as a simple yeoman, and making violent love, forsooth to Phyllis, his sweetheart. Whereupon he dealt him such a buffet that his Majesty did tumble to the earth, and then did blow his horn, and the yeomen did rush on and seize Leonard, who did presently burst his bonds and flee, and that he is here now a fugitive in the forest.

RALPH

Brave tidings indeed. Leonard, the Ranger, the best guard of King Henry's deer, an outlaw like ourselves! By St. Dunstan, we shall drain a cup to that merry jest.

QUARTETTE—RALPH, DICKON *and* TWO OUTLAWS

About the court 'tis pleasant sport  
 A proud King's smiles to woo,  
 With head bent low and humble bow,  
 A royal favor sue,  
 But at a kingly frown  
 A favorite's sun goes down  
 And his Majesty's grace  
 Will fill his place  
 With the very next smirking clown.

CHORUS

Then, comrades, all fill up,  
 Pour full to the brim the cup,  
 And let the forest ring  
 With a merry toast to the King,  
 For the outlaw's boast is a King for a host,  
 Then a merry toast to the King, the King,  
 A merry toast to the King.

QUARTETTE

Upon my word there's many a lord,  
 Who dwells in courtly bowers,  
 Would gladly give his wealth to live,  
 This wholesome life of ours.  
 No debt the outlaws owe,  
 For the forest paths they know,  
 And the peddler's pack,  
 And the abbot's hack,  
 They take when they will, I trow.  
*Refrain* — Then comrades all fill up, etc.

RALPH

What ho! Who comes hither?

*Enter* LEONARD

RALPH

A ranger of the forest! Bows and staves! Comrades, bows and staves! Had not this stranger a posse at his back he would not have dared to thus invade our forest retreat.

LEONARD

Nay, nay, unbend your bows. I have naught to do now with yeomen or forest rangers. I am a fugitive, and like the wounded hart, have left my King, never again to join the herd.

RALPH

Be not so downcast, Master. Why, it be Leonard! Thou were ever a bold lad, Leonard, and although we slay thy master's deer without royal warrant, we bear thee no malice, but hold thee in fair esteem as a right honest fellow. We have had tidings of thy mishap with King Hal, and when we drew shaft on thee it was in jest, to show thee how briskly our merry men can meet a foe. And now we will prove how heartily they can greet a friend. We have a fair tap of wine, which nathless thou wilt not disdain. It will cheer thee, lad, a cup for our guest.

*All drink, LEONARD sings*

LEONARD, SOLO I.

The clouds are gathering darkly o'er me,  
The gloomy night is sad and drear,  
The bitter future lies before me,  
To roam these woods, a stricken deer;  
Ah, never more, when toil is over,  
And curfew rings from Windsor's tower,  
Shall Phyllis fly to greet her lover,  
And joy be mine for one brief hour.

REFRAIN

Love, though I'm now alone,  
Though all life's joys are flown,  
Thy spirit shall be near me,  
Thy memory, love, shall cheer me;  
When on the cold turf laid,  
While winds sigh through the glade,  
My soul in dreams shall flee  
Oh, Star of Hope, to thee.

II.

No more our constant passion proving,  
We'll wander 'neath the harvest moon,  
Oh, nights of joy! oh, nights of loving!  
Oh, blissful dreamings! fled too soon;  
'Twere better far we twain had parted  
Ere we had loved so fond and true,  
Then we had ne'er been broken hearted,  
Nor passion's garland changed to rue.

*Refrain, repeat*

RALPH

Cheer up friend Leonard, the outlaws will gladly yield thee food and shelter. Beshrew me, if thou art not a comely lad, and ere the King's yeomen get thee, our quivers shall be emptied in thy defence. Thou art one of us from henceforth.

DICKON

Nay, he hath not yet taken the oath. Remember our rules, good chief.



*Ralph*

RALPH

Thou art right, good Dickon. I will forthwith administer it, and never have I done it with better heart.

DICKON

I.

Will you every Sunday morning be seen inside your pew?  
 And when the plate comes round, will you dip into your purse?  
 Will you genuflect and sing and pray, as other Christians do,  
 And never, never quarrel, and never, never curse?  
 Should bad companions ask you in public spots to pose,  
 To ogle pretty girls, and sober matrons quiz,  
 And look upon the wine cup, will you turn up your nose?  
 And never, never, never, a pretty damsel kiss?

CHORUS

If this you cannot do,  
 We have no place for you,  
 Your comrades all 'neath forest bough,  
 Have pledged this very solemn vow.  
 Prepare to take this promise then,  
 To me and to these merry men,  
 You swear to be, by tree and glen,  
 Forever true.

II.

When Sunday School is over, and you wander through the grove,  
 The soprano on your arm beneath the spreading trees,  
 Will you well and truly promise to never mention love,  
 Or the hand upon your jerkin with gentle pressure squeeze?  
 When her lips appear most tempting will you turn your head away?  
 Nor look into her bright eyes, a saucy smile to win.  
 In that moment of temptation will you then devoutly pray  
 To St. Dunstan for deliverance from every sort of sin?

*Chorus, repeat*

LEONARD

And now, most worthy Captain, that I am indeed a free son of the forest of Windsor, prithee, what shall my duties be?

RALPH

Thou dost bend a good stout bow, Master Leonard, and thy task shall be to help keep this goodly association in fat venison.

DICKON

Nathless thou mayst be called upon to cry "Stand and deliver" to some of the fat artisans of yonder town.

LEONARD

Ay, but how about my going to church and robbing too?

RALPH

An thou thinkest those who go to church do never rob? Thou must be as green as the moss on yonder oak. Faith, good comrade, the churchmen do rob in the towns and we, free sons of the forest, do but take from them that of which they were never justly possessed, and restore it as beseems us to the tradesmen of Windsor. But mark ye, the dawn is near. The kind maidens of Windsor who do, for certain round pieces, taken perchance from their father confessors, keep our larder furnished, will shortly be here with their merchandise.

## CHORUS OF OUTLAWS

Hail to the dawn, the night is gone,  
 Welcome the sun, the gloom is over,  
 Come gracious beam and shine upon  
 The bosky dell and tangled cover,  
 Where slumbering lie stag, doe and fawn,  
 Hail to the dawn!

## III.

Hail to the dawn! the forest streams,  
 Which through the night 'neath mosses dark e,  
 Will soon flash back the sun's glad beams,  
 And in his bright rays gayly sparkle,  
 And sing his praise to lea and lawn.  
 Hail to the dawn!

MAIDEN'S CHORUS, *behind the scenes*

Through fragrant grasses our steps we bend,  
 We village lasses, the outlaws' friend.

*Enter maidens*

The gardens' rarest, the gardens' best,  
 We cull to honor the outlaws' feast.

## REFRAIN

On the verdant turf let the feast be laid,  
 For the outlaws' friend is the village maid,  
 Our task is done, the morning sun shines on the glade.

## II.

The kine are lowing, come, maidens, come,  
 We must be going, we're far from home,  
 When shadows gather and skies are gray,  
 We'll wander hither at close of day.

*At close of the MAIDENS' chorus ROBERT appears from behind a tree unperceived by the OUTLAWS.*

ROBERT, *aside*

Here is a dangerous mess for the Constable of Windsor, hidden within a bow's length of you godless knaves. But this is my opportunity to restore myself to the favor of the King by capturing this runagate forester. A plague upon that jade Phyllis, who did tell his Majesty that I spake ill of his comeliness, and thus did place me in this most gruesome plight. In a few minutes the yeomen of the guard whom I have directed hither will be upon them. Heaven send they be speedy, for if I am discovered I will be undone.

DICKON, *seizing ROBERT*

Hark! What miracle is this? I am a villain if we are not strangely favored with guests to-day. By the mass! here we have some good man who has lost his way in the forest and doth crave the society of honest gentlemen. Or, perchance, he poacheth good King Henry's deer, which we have sworn to protect to the end of our lives. Come hither, knave, and give an accounting of thyself. What business hast thou in the depth of Windsor forest? Speak, or I shall split thy weasand with my dagger.

## ROBERT

Oh, good gentleman, do me no violence! Truly, I but came here by the advice of my leech, a wise man, who counseled me to pluck a certain herb for the cure of a rheum which sorely afflicteth me.

RALPH

Bring hither the coxcomb, good Dickon, and we, I trow, shall find a remedy for his rheum better than any leech in Windsor.

DICKON *drags* ROBERT *towards the fire.*

ROBERT — *aside*

I am undone. I am a ruined man. The fair plot I had conceived for delivering this runagate into the hands of the yeomen of the guard is utterly astray. Pray Heaven I get back to Windsor with my life. Ah Leonard penetrateth this disguise, they will spit me with their shafts like woodcock.

RALPH

Master Leonard, thou art fairly well acquainted with the people of Windsor. Dost thou know this bearded wight?

LEONARD *approaches* ROBERT *and peers into his face*

LEONARD — *aside*

Robert, the Constable of Windsor!

ROBERT

Oh, good neighbor Leonard, for old acquaintance sake, betray me not!

LEONARD

Thou skulking dog, thou wouldst have but thy deserts, did I proclaim thy name and occupation. But though I know I am thy quest this time will I spare thee.

RALPH

Dost know him, Leonard?

LEONARD

Ay, faith, I do not, Captain. Methinks he is some skulking dog of a poacher who has wandered this way to unlawfully snare the king's woodcock.

DICKON

Ha! Sayest thou so? Then doth he encroach upon our royal privileges by deputy. What sayest thou, Captain? Shall we spit him? Shall we make a brochetette of him? Shall we turn him before the fire? even as he would have done to those fat birds, which are ours by the divine right of possession.

ROBERT

Oh, spare me good gentlemen! indeed, I am an honest person and mean no harm.

RALPH

Faith, that settles thee. Being honest, thou are no company for us; therefore shall we dispatch thee. Bind him to the tree, Dickon, and he who first plants a shaft in the knave's liver, which he would have swollen at our expense, will pledge me in a bumper of malvosie.

OUTLAWS *rush on* ROBERT

ROBERT

Oh! spare my life gentlemen and I swear I shall never stray hither again.

RALPH

It shall be our care to see thou keepest the oath good. Bind me the knave promptly, and six of you fellows, bend your bows and give him a Windsor welcome.

OUTLAWS *seize* ROBERT, *who shrieks with dismay and drag him to the campfire.*



Dickon

DICKON

Let us have some sport from the varlet first. Sing, fellow, and perchance we may spare thy life.

ROBERT

Oh, gentlemen, I cannot sing. I can but bemoan the ill-fortune which conducted me hither.

LEONARD—*Aside*

And thou meetest their humor, there may be some hope for thee.

ROBERT

Faith then, shall I essay a ballad though the Lord knows I never felt less in the mood.

*Sings*

When I was a babe, my mother  
Would tether my wandering feet,  
And the neighbors would say to each other  
"Oh! isn't that baby sweet."

How happy I'd be if that tether  
Had been round my ankles when  
The devil and I together  
Fell in with these dreadful men.

REFRAIN

Put down those horrid bows  
For owls and deers and crows  
And all the wild things in the wood  
They may be exceedingly good.  
But gentlemen, pray, put your arrows away,  
And don't shed a poor man's blood.

CHORUS

Put down those horrid bows?  
We keep them for our foes,  
And for vermin we find in the wood,  
They prove so exceedingly good,  
That unless you can say why you straggled this way  
Those arrows will taste your blood.

ROBERT

When I was a lad, my father,  
If I wandered by dell and ditch  
Would never talk wise, but rather  
His precepts enforce with a switch;  
In the churchyard his bones lie under  
A big monumental stone,  
I wish he'd my hide cut asunder  
'Ere I'd strayed in this forest alone.

*Chorus as before*

DICKON

Well sung, and by the mass, thou shalt have good reason to regret thy mother's tether and thy father's switch, 'ere another hour has passed.

ROBERT

But thou didst say that thou would'st spare my life, an' I sang for thee. Oh, Master Leonard, do in mercy intercede for me!





RALPH

Master Leonard, how now! (*Turning to Leonard*) I thought! thou didst not know this stranger, worthy Leonard?

DICKON, (*plucking off ROBERT'S beard*)

By St. Hubert, a miracle! Behold in our stranger guest the worthy Constable of Windsor!

OUTLAWS

The Constable of Windsor!

RALPH

Faith, it be the Constable of Windsor.

DICKON

Ay, it is the same poppinjay who did swell with pride this morn and sing, "For I am the Constable, the Constable of Windsor."

RALPH

The treacherous knave! Bend your bows, comrades, this fellow is here with no good intent. I doubt not but the yeomen of the guard are at his heels. Keepest thou guard here, Leonard, while we explore the outskirts. I have placed trusty Hugo by the oak copse; but Hugo, though faithful, is a drowsy knave, and believeth not in lurking foemen.

LEONARD

I will be vigilant and should danger threaten, I will wind my horn.

RALPH

Good, and now for the present, adieu. We will make safe disposal of this spy of a constable, so he giveth not the alarm.

CHORUS OF OUTLAWS

Look here, be still, look here, look there,  
And be your steps as light as air,  
We soon may hear the foeman near,  
Don't stir a leaf, my lads, beware,  
Move on in silence, now take care,  
King Henry's hounds have found our lair,  
The foemen come with bow and spear.

*Exit RALPH, DICKON and CHORUS*

LEONARD

Ah, into what a coil have I brought those wild but true-hearted men. Well, they have given me shelter and good fellowship, and I will stand with them to the death.

*Enter PHYLLIS*

LEONARD

Phyllis!

PHYLLIS

Oh, Leonard!

LEONARD

Sweetheart, why hast thou braved the dangers of the forest? Knowest thou not this is the hiding place of desperate men?

PHYLLIS

Fly, my beloved, fly. Nay, do not tarry a moment. Last night the yeomen of the Guard, while carousing at my father's inn, were approached by Robert, the constable, who did tell them that he would guide them hither where he knew thou must have taken refuge. Fly, Leonard, they will be here anon, and have sworn thy capture alive or dead.

LEONARD

My own Phyllis, my brave and true sweetheart. I cannot desert my comrades who have placed me on guard. Surely thou would'st not have thy Leonard a craven. It were ill return, sweetheart, for such generous hospitality.

PHYLLIS

But they will slay thee, Leonard. The king's wrath is fearful, and unabated. He hath sworn that thou shalt die for the indignity thou hast put upon him.

LEONARD

Even so. I cannot foreswear my trust, gentle Phyllis. Would I had plunged my dagger into that knave Robert, 'ere I had schemed to save him. No, Phyllis, I must do battle for my friends, or if they seek me alone, surrender, so they receive amnesty. Alas! sweetheart, we have fallen upon dark and evil times.

PHYLLIS

But, Leonard, thou wilt ever love me, is it not so?

LEONARD

Nay, Phyllis, it were heresy to doubt it. Hark, sweetheart, and I will tell thee.

DUET — LEONARD, PHYLLIS

Doubt that streams through forest flowing  
Kiss on sands the yearning sea;  
Doubt the sun at noontide glowing,  
Doubt the stars, but doubt not me.

REFRAIN

Love shall live for aye and ever,  
Stream and wood and zephyr's breath,  
Murmur nought shall love dissever,  
Love endureth after death.

PHYLLIS, SOLO

Sav those dear words o'er and over,  
'Till the birds with carols sweet,  
Fill the woodlands, and each lover  
To its mate those vows repeat.

PHYLLIS and LEONARD, *Refrain, repeat*

*Enter RALPH*

*Trio—PHYLLIS, LEONARD and RALPH*

RALPH

Ho, Leonard! trusty Hugo, who keepeth watch and ward,  
By yonder copse hath seen approach the yeomen of the guard,  
They come in force—'tis thee they seek—we'll keep the knaves at bay.  
Fly, Leonard, fly, we'll check them till thou art far away.



*Leonard*

PHYLLIS

Fly, Leonard, fly, thou knowest well each tangled forest path,  
Thou can'st escape, naught but thy death will cool proud Henry's wrath,  
His charges to the yeomen are to take thee live or dead,  
A hundred crowns are offered him who brings the king thy head.

LEONARD

This noble maid, good master Ralph, has brought those tidings here,  
The hounds have found the warm trail, they follow close the deer,  
But while this arm can wield a blade, and English bow can bend,  
T'will not be said that Leonard failed to battle for his friend.

## FINALE

*Enter OUTLAWS and CHORUS*

We are surrounded dell, copse and glen  
Are filled this very moment with King Henry's men.  
Shall we surrender? Captain give the word,  
Or shall we bend the bow, and greet with dart and sword?

RALPH

Stand together, stand fearless, stand one and stand all,  
Let no heart wax faint though your captain should fall,  
Let all those who truly love us,  
Swear by the blue sky above us,  
Never to shun the battle, at their chieftain's call.

*Chorus repeat*

CHORUS

We }  
They } have lived brave lads together,  
Merry souls who recked not whether  
Storms or sunlight gracious  
} our  
Filled } their forest spacious,  
Shielding us from wintry weather.

Stand together, etc., *repeat*.

*Towards the conclusion of the chorus, the yeomen of the guard appear in rear of stage, surrounding the outlaws, and unperceived by them. At close of Chorus the outlaws behold the yeomen, and bending their bows oppose the arquebusses of the foe whilst the village maidens group in attitudes of fear in center of stage. Robert falls on his face in abject terror.*

## TABLEAU



Phyllis

## ACT III.

A STREET IN WINDSOR SAME AS IN ACT I. EARLY MORNING.

(*Townspople discovered outside the "Star and Garter Hostelry."*)

WALTZ CHORUS

Have you heard the awful tidings  
Of this morning's sad affray,  
How a hundred men were slaughtered,  
And a hundred ran away?  
How sixty burly yeomen  
Surprised the outlaws' den,  
But ere the knaves surrendered,  
They lost six score of men?

SOLO, (*One of the Chorus*)

Friends, be not confounded  
About this bloody field.  
The list of killed and wounded  
Shall worthy Bardolph yield.

CHORUS (*knocking at Bardolph's door*)

Hey, Bardolph, rouse from slumber,  
With wine thou must be filled.  
Wake, thy gossips want the number  
Of the wounded and the killed.

BARDOLPH *appears at an upper window*

BARDOLPH, SOLO

How now, how now, ye varlets cease.  
How dare ye thus disturb my peace?  
To your beds, ye knaves, shall Windsor's name  
For rest and peace be put to shame?  
How dare ye at my door thus whack?  
Away, away, ye'll get no sack.

CHORUS

Come, honest Master Bardolph, we fain would have the tell  
Of the great fight in the forest, where a hundred yeomen fell.

BARDOLPH, SOLO

Go to, a hundred yeomen, faith  
Two hundred outlaws met their death;  
Their corses now bestrew yon glade,  
Like green twigs lopped by keen edged blade  
I'll join ye soon, and ye shall know  
How gallant Rob o'ercame the foe.

CHORUS

The constable of Windsor, this gaudy, giddy loon,  
Yet we his valor doubted, and deemed him a poltroon,  
Beneath that garish doublet, which we did so deride,  
There lurked a mighty purpose and a heart that throbb'd with pride.

*Enter BARDOLPH*

BARDOLPH, SOLO

When Master Robert saw the foe,  
 He drew his falchion keen,  
 And dealt their chief a lusty blow,  
 Which brought him to the green;  
 Then, springing like a tiger fierce,  
 Whose fangs have tasted blood,  
 Five outlaws next did Robert pierce  
 Within that gory wood.

CHORUS

Hurrah! bold Rob for you,  
 You'll surely be a knight  
 To London town the tidings bring,  
 How Windsor's hero served the King,  
 And forty outlaws slew.

BARDOLPH

Then twenty outlaws knelt them down,  
 And begged for mercy sore,  
 Cried Robert, "Hey, for Windsor town!"  
 And slaughtered fifteen more;  
 The yeomen of the guard did naught,  
 Not one of them ere stirred,  
 For when they saw how Robert fought,  
 Each sheathed his bloodless sword.

*Refrain, repeat**Enter ROBERT*ROBERT—*Aside*

Lud a mercy! I am forever disgraced. Not a babe in Windsor but will learn of how I fain did court the shelter of the stout oak against the shafts of those villain outlaws. And here approacheth this tosspot Bardolph, to make my sham more public.

BARDOLPH

How now, most valiant constable? Why lookest thou downcast, my man? The whole village is ringing with the story of thy prowess.

ROBERT

My prowess? You must be distraught, man; I but did—well, but did—but did——

BARDOLPH

Away, Master Constable. Thou did'st wonders. An' by the mass, thy gossips are here to greet thee. Bear up, man, thou wert not wont to be over modest.

ROBERT—*Aside*

A miracle! they have heard some strange tale. Well, I shall bear myself beseemingly, what ere befall. There is great power in good round lying, an' it be well done. (*To Bardolph*). Who has brought the story of the fray?

BARDOLPH

Even I, Master Constable.

CHORUS

Bardolph! Bardolph!

ROBERT — *Aside*

I shall meet their mood to the end. (*Aloud.*) Well, we did but our devoirs, and gave the outlaw knaves to learn what pith lies in the body of Windsor's constable when he is fairly roused. Faith, it tickles our humor when we recall how the knaves squirmed when we cried "St. George and Windsor!" and "Lay on, lay on!" and did then fall upon them most lustily. And now, Master Bardolph, let those good people be merry at our expense. Summon thy drawers and stint not. Yesterday they drank to the king; to-day, let the Constable of Windsor, and his Majesty, too, heaven bless our gracious liege, be their toast.

CHORUS

Hurrah! bold Rob for you,  
You'll surely be a knight.  
To London town the tidings bring  
How Windsor's hero saved the king,  
And forty outlaws slew.

*Exit Chorus singing above*

ROBERT

Beshrew me, an' I don't feel as sore as if I had whacked those villain outlaws with my falchion instead of seeking wholesome shelter behind that good oak where never a dart might find me. The news is all over the village, an' if those scoundrelly yeomen do not gausay me I shall win my spurs and well sustain my knighthood with fair Mistress Dorothy's yellow pieces. It behooves me now to discover how many of them they be. My knighthood is not of cheap purchase. And by the mass, here she comes. I'll press my suit warmly.

*Enter DOROTHY*

DOROTHY

O! Master Robert, we deemed thou wert even now with the king's leech, because of thy wounds. Surely thou must be sorely hurt?

ROBERT

Nay, nay, sweet Dorothy, knowest thou not that it was the hope of winning thy smiles, thy favor, my peerless Dorothy, that spurred me on to those daring deeds of arms?

DOROTHY

Now that thou art a warrior of renown, Sir Constable, an humble dame like Dorothy may not expect to find favor in thy sight.

ROBERT

An' they give me the accolade, then wilt thou be Lady Dorothy. Thy late spouse was ever a saving wight, I am told.

DOROTHY

That he was, Master Robert.

ROBERT

But it was all the better for thee, sweet Dorothy, for had he been a roistering blade, and spent his broad pieces in the ale house, they would not now be thine, peerless minx that thou art. Is it not so, my sweet Mistress?

DOROTHY

Thou speakest aright, Master Robert. All the broad pieces the cobbler spent on me would not cover the rim of thy bonnet.

ROBERT

Humph, 'tis a narrow rim, my Dorothy. A knight's lady will have more use for money than a cobbler's spouse.



*Dorothy*

DOROTHY

Thou reasonest bravely, Master Robert, and nathless the king will reward thee for thy daring.

ROBERT

Ay, that he will, Dorothy. And with thy little store we shall make a gallant show. (*Aside.*) How keen of fence the dame is. (*Throwing himself at Dorothy's feet.*) Queen of my soul, wilt thou, oh, most beautiful one! look kindly upon thy suppliant lover? Dorothy, wilt thou be the bride of Robert? Nay, an' thou deny me, I shall tear the bandages from my green wounds and e'en bleed to death. (*Business.*)

DOROTHY

(*Business.*) Nay, thou shalt not. Robert, tender and dautless one. I am forever thine. (*Business.*)

*Duett — ROBERT and DOROTHY*

ROBERT

When the merry bells are ringing,  
And the village maids are singing,  
Then Dorothy, sweet Dorothy, she shall be my winsome bride.

DOROTHY

Oh, my Robert, fond and gracious,  
We will live in courtly hall,  
And will shun poor friends audacious,  
Should they ever dare to call.

BOTH

When the merry bells are ringing,  
And the village maids are singing,  
How merrily, how cheerily,  
Ring their chimes the bride to greet.

ROBERT

Then shall Windsor's maidens sueing,  
My fair lady's grace bestrewing,  
Fair roses, sweet roses,  
'Neath her lightly tripping feet.

DOROTHY

Then will I, all sweet and smiling,  
Glance upon the joyous crowd,  
E'n the humblest knave beguiling,  
So they may not deem me proud.

*Refrain, repeat*

ROBERT (*business*)

But hark, what tumult is this? See, the throng cometh this way.

DOROTHY

The yeomen of the guard, with their prisoners, whom thou captured, bold Robert.

*Enter yeomen of the guard with outlaws bound accompanied by chorus*

CHORUS

Ho! neighbors, see the constable,  
Who, with his gleaming sword,  
Didst conquer all this outlaw band,  
Pray say how it occurred?

*Enter ELIZABETH*



*Robert*

ELIZABETH

I'll tell ye how, pray gossips stand aside,  
I'll soon subdue that swelling braggart's pride,  
He to my house did lately discord bring,  
Yon wretched coward, vile and viperous thing.

ELIZABETH (*sings*)

Yon miserable skulker, behind an oak lay prone,  
And when the band their stout bows drew did pitifully moan,  
And mutter, "Lord, preserve us, a hundred tapers bright  
"I'll vow to good St. Dunstan's shrine if I escape this fight."

CHORUS

Oh, dame, thou dost not say,  
That prone upon the clay,  
Our valiant Robert lay  
Through all this dire affray  
And never drew his sword to smite,  
King Henry's foes with main and might,  
But wept and shrieked and courted flight,  
And howled in dire dismay.  
Oh, Robert! oh, Robert! for shame, for shame.

ELIZABETH

He had no words but "Mercy," and "Gentlemen, forego,"  
For when those ugly bolts be loosed red blood will surely flow,  
This fight doth nought concern me, for I'm a man of peace,  
Kind outlaws, honest yeomen, this fearful brawling cease.

*Chorus repeat, "Oh, dame, etc.*

*Enter KING HAL*

HAL

Ha! still I see this mummary proceeds;  
Back to your homes until the dangerous seeds  
Of rank disloyalty be rudely crushed — away  
Windsor shall rue this most disastrous day.

*Enter PHYLLIS*

PHYLLIS

Oh, King, behold me at thy feet,  
A wretched maiden kneeling!  
Mercy in monarchs, sire, is sweet,  
Oh! heed me thus appealing  
To thy great heart, my liege, my lord,  
Whom all thy subjects cherish.  
Then give me, King, thy royal word  
That Leonard shall not perish.

CHORUS

Hear the maiden's pleading, gentle Henry, hear,  
And to thy suppliant lend a gracious ear.

HAL

No pardon, maid, to him I yield  
He dies this very morn,  
Although the rose of this fair field  
Should perish with the thorn.

*Enter LEONARD, bound on his way to execution*



## CHORUS

O! mournful spectacle,  
 Mark, Leonard bound in cruel chains.  
 Ah! how sad his fate,  
 Phyllis is desolate.  
 Those lips once red, but now so wan  
 Shall wear no smile again.

## PHYLLIS

O cruel king! cannot my life atone  
 For Leonard's dire offense? Speak, 'tis thine own.  
 Do what thou wilt with me, but set him free.  
 Oh! have compassion on our misery.

HAL — *Aside*

My heart is strangely touched (*to Phyllis*)  
 Should we thy lover free,  
 What wilt thou do to thank our royal clemency?

## PHYLLIS

Storm heaven's gates with prayers for my king.

HAL — (*laughing*)

And he may need them (*aside*) 'Tis a little thing  
 To curb my pride. (*To Phyllis*) Well, 'tis done. Release  
 Your prisoner, captain, let him go in peace.

## CHORUS

Hail to thy clemency! Oh! greater now  
 Rest's England's crown upon thy royal brow.

## LEONARD

Henry, now a thousand times my king,  
 My life is thine, and when the offering  
 May spare thee but one pang, be Leonard nigh  
 For Henry's royal sake to gladly die.

## LEONARD and PHYLLIS — DUET

Shine on fair sun for aye,  
 Through all this merry day,  
 Sing on ye birds, flowers, bud and blow,  
 Flow gently streamlet, blithely flow.

## PHYLLIS

Hark! list the breeze,  
 Our tale tell to the trees,  
 Our tale of love and constant faith,  
 Is carried on each breath.

## BOTH

Sweet now is life, fragrant the flowers,  
 Hope's fairest guerdon crowning the hours,  
 Azure the sky, merry the stream,  
 Joyous is love's unclouded dream.

## FINALE

## CHORUS

And now, good gossips, dance and sing,  
 God's blessings on old England's King,  
 Who rules by love and not by pride,  
 Oh, happy groom! oh, happy bride!  
 Come morris dancers; minstrels, come,  
 And speed those happy lovers home,  
 For many a year, by many a hearth,  
 We'll tell this tale of mirth.

BARDOLPH *and* ELIZABETH

We'll have a double wedding, and at the King's command,  
 To Leonard, worthy fellow, we'll give our daughter's hand.

ROBERT *and* DOROTHY

Blest by King Henry's favor, we'll hail the nuptial hour,  
 When in a stormy dawning we plucked love's fairest flower.

## KING HAL

Now speed ye to the revel, ye ringers, let the bell  
 From Windsor's lofty turrets the nuptial tidings tell.

LEONARD *and* PHYLLIS

A monarch's smile soon changes the dark night into day,  
 Now brightest beams from heaven illumine our happy way.

## CHORUS

And now good gossips, etc.

(CURTAIN)



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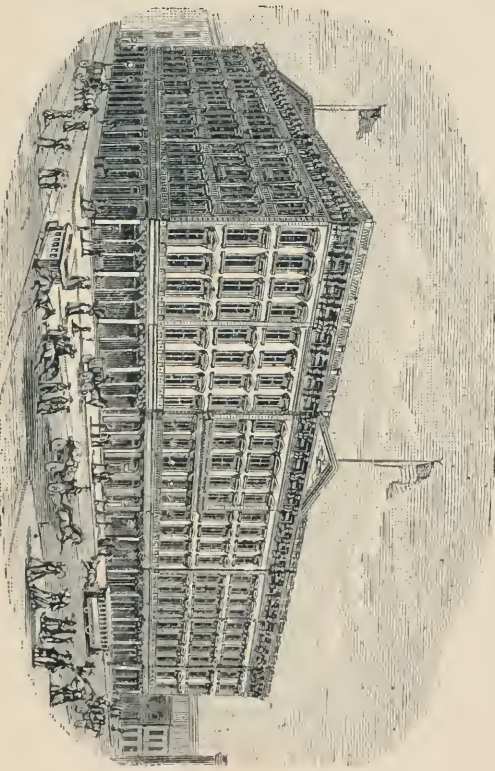
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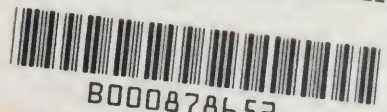
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